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STICK HOCKEY

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Chapter 1 by Unkie

Long before I turned Professional hockey in the NHL I played Stick Hockey. We had hockey sticks, a ball, and 2 homemade "goals" at each end, and of course, teammates, with rules kind of like hockey".

Jay started playing stick hockey at age 10. "We used to play in parking lots" he said. "I also played some games inside a old warehouse for a local team". Secretly wanted to be the goalie but for some reason I couldn't.

Chapter 2 by intellikat

I guess the fact that I had no arms made it a bit difficult, and less likely that I would be picked as all us kids leaned against the wall waiting for the team captains to choose us.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka

Yeah, yeah. It's one of *those* stories. The ones that get documentaries made out of them on ESPN, and make your mom cry. Against the odds, me, a person with no arms, became a hockey

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Last..every time I was the last pick....and it gets worse. That was for the water boy. I couldn't do it at first, I mean with no arms it was hard. I finally found a semi-round jug that I could kind of tip over and let the water pour into the cup for all the players. It was pretty messy with water everywhere and the fact that the players only got to drink out of the one glass was bad. Anyway, I made the best of it and tried to keep a smile on my face. One day there was a battle for the ball and it flew in the air to the sidelines and directly at the water jug. I saw it coming and took a flying leap to protect the jug. To my surprise, I did it. I stopped the ball....with uh....ahem....with uh..my private parts. That's how I got my nickname: Private Perry or {PP for short}

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